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## EARLY WOOD AND WON.

BY MRS. ARDY.

Early Wood and early won,  
Was never reported under the sun.

German Proverb.

Oh! sigh not for the fair young bride,  
Gone in her opening bloom,  
Far from her kindred, loved and tried,  
To glad another home;  
Already are the gay brief days  
Of girlish triumph done,  
And tranquil happiness repays  
The early wood and won.

Fear shall invade her peace no more,  
Nor sorrow wound the breast;  
Her passing rivalries are o'er,  
Her passing doubts at rest;  
The glittering haunts of worldly state  
Love whispers her to shun,  
Since scenes of purer bliss await  
The early wood and won.

Here is a young and guileless heart,  
Confiding, fond, and warm,  
Unsuspecting of the world's vain art,  
Unscathed by passion's storm;  
In "hope deferred" she hath not pined,  
Till Hope's sweet course was run:  
No chains of sad remembrance bind  
The early wood and won.

Her smiles and songs have ceased to grace  
The halls of festal mirth,  
But woman's safest dwelling-place  
Is by a true one's heart;  
Her hour of duty, joy and love,  
In brightness have begun:  
Peace be her portion from above,  
The early wood and won.

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA CASSET.

## CHARLES ELLISTON.

"The touch of kindred ties and love he feels."  
(THOMPSON.)

"I must leave this place to night; I can bear their marked neglect, and open taunts no longer," said Charles Elliston, and he left the richly furnished parlor, where, with some fashionable guests, sat Mrs. Merton and her two eldest daughters, and went forth into the garden. "Yes, I must go," he continued, "no one cares for me; and why should they for the penniless being, whose very origin is unknown. Alas, how hard it is to be thus cast upon the world friendless, and beloved by none—none—none!" and he buried his face in his hands, overcome with the intensity of his feelings.

"None, Charles?" said a clear, silvery voice behind him, and a hand was gently laid on his shoulder. He started, and turning round, said,

"Yes, Helen, pardon me, I spoke unthinkingly. You still love me?" he asked inquiringly.

"I do, Charles," and my father—

"Yes, your father, my noble benefactor, Helen. He still loves me."

"Then why leave us, Charles?" she said in a tender tone.

"Because, Helen, you know I have been already the cause of much dissension in your family—God forbid that I should be so any longer! And besides, Helen, you know what treatment I have received from your mother and sisters. I have borne it long out of respect to your father and love to you, but I can bear it no more. I will go forth into the world in hopes of building up a fortune, and say, Helen, if I should be successful, and return, will you—"

"I will love you still," she said interrupting him.

"Oh! I will always love you, Charles."

"Farewell!" said he, and imprinting a kiss upon her rosy lips, he tore himself away. In another hour he had quitted that house where he had spent so many happy days with Helen.

Charles Elliston was a dependant on the bounty of Mr. Merton. He had found him one day, when about four years old, wandering about the streets of the city, a lost child. He kindly took him home, and used every endeavor to discover his parents; but all to no purpose. At last finding his inquiries were useless, he raised and educated him as his own. Unlike her husband, Mrs. Merton was of a proud, aristocratic spirit, and could not bear one whose birth was so uncertain as that of young Elliston. She had diffused some of this spirit into her eldest daughters, but Helen, the youngest, like her father, possessed a noble and kind heart, and looked only with compassion and love upon the poor, though noble youth. He was now about seventeen years of age; and the insults that were heaped upon him were felt severely. It is true when Mr. Merton was present none dare show the least disrespect toward him but this only served to make him feel it more acutely in his absence. It was on this very mentioned evening, that a new insult had been offered to him, and he determined not to live another day where he was exposed to them. Nor would it have caused

him one feeling of regret, had it not been for Mr. Merton and Helen; but however dear they were to him, he resolved to leave them. He left, too, without informing Mr. Merton, for he well knew he would insist on his staying, and he would not be the author of discord in that family, where dwelt the only two on earth that he could call his friends.

It was near the close of a summer day that a steamboat touched the wharf of one of our Southern cities, and from its crowded decks poured a stream of weary travellers, eager once again to set foot upon the land. Among the last who stepped on shore was a tall youth, with a valise in his hand, who walked slowly from the landing, bent his way toward the shipping warehouses along the wharves: He was in search of employment; but alas he was a stranger and had no recommendations. With a dejected mien, and sorrowful step, he was about giving up all hopes when he came to a large warehouse which he had not before entered. He walked in the counting-house, where sat a gentleman apparently about forty years of age. To the youth's inquiry whether he was the head of the establishment, he replied in the affirmative.

"What do you wish my lad?" he inquired.

"Do you want a lad to assist in your store?" I have no recommendation to offer you, sir," he continued modestly. "I have just arrived in the steamboat from the north, and have neither friends nor money. I cannot even buy a lodging for the night; and seeing that the merchant looked incredulously at him, he could contain himself no longer, but said impudently, "Oh sir, do not refuse," and the tears trickled down his cheeks.

The merchant, touched by his grief, and convinced by the openness of his manner, hesitated a moment, and finally took him to his house. A few days proved the truth of the youth's story, and he was employed at once by his new benefactor. In the course of time he rose by degrees until he became head clerk in the establishment of Mr. Thompson. He also by his amiableness became the favorite of the wealthy family of the employer, with whom he still resided. All loved him, and he loved them in return, as father, mother and sister. For although Charles, (for it was Charles Elliston,) thought that Emma Thompson was almost as beautiful as his own Helen, yet he remained faithful to the latter, and could but think of the former as a sister.

Five years had rolled by, and he had now become proprietor of the large establishment which he had entered as an errand boy, Mr. Thompson having retired from business. One evening he was sitting in familiar conversation with the family, when Mrs. Thompson, after looking steadfastly at Charles for some time, remarked how much Emma and he resembled each other.

"Yes," said her husband, "I have often observed it; they look as much alike as though they were really brother and sister. Our lost Charles—poor little fellow!—could not have been more like Emma."

"Your Charles? I never knew you ever had any child beside Emma," he said, when did he die!

"Would to God he had died!" exclaimed Mrs. Thompson, then would I have known he was in heaven; but now, perhaps, if he is still alive, he may be buffeted about by strangers, whose hard hearts can seldom feel like parent's; and then she gave vent to her feelings in tears.

"He was lost, then?" asked Charles.

"Yes," said Mr. Thompson, "above seventeen years ago, I and Mary, journeying north for the benefit of our healths, and to visit some friends in N. York city, we took with us our little Charles, who was scarcely four years old, and then our only child. We arrived there in safety, and after staying with our friends some time, set out on our return home. Anxious to prosecute our journey, we immediately on our arrival in Philadelphia, took the steamboat to proceed immediately on. I went to see to the safety of the baggage, thinking that my Mary and Charles were in the cabin; but what was my surprise, when on going into the cabin: some time after the boat had left the wharf to find Mary there alone. She thought I had Charles with me, and she swooned away when I informed her I had not. We searched the boat over, but no Charles could be found, and then it struck us, that he might have wandered on shore, before the boat left the wharf, and consequently was left behind. How harrowing were our thoughts! to think that every minute the distance was increasing between us and our dear and beloved child. But there was a thought still more distressing—perhaps he had fallen overboard unseen, and been drowned. However, I determined on arriving at New Orleans, and leaving Mary with her friends and relations, to return again to Philadelphia and spare no pains nor expense in trying to discover his fate; but the great mental excitement and bodily fatigue I had undergone, threw me into a fever on the way, and it was several months before I recovered. When I did, and arrived in Philadelphia, no trace could be discovered of our child, and never since have we heard anything concerning him; but God be praised, Charles, he has given us a son in you."

"But was there no mark by which he could have been known if he had been left behind as you first supposed?" asked Charles eagerly.

"Yes, there were scars of a dog's teeth on his left wrist, and beside he wore a locket—a birth-day present from his father—around his neck, with 'Charles' engraved on it," said Mrs. Thompson, with tears in her eyes.

"Then, father, mother, said Charles, bearing his

arm, and drawing from his bosom a locket which he threw into Mrs. Thompson's lap, "behold your long lost son!"

For an instant they stood amazed—the next they were locked in each other's arms; then turning to Emma, he for the first time pressed to his bosom a sister. How different was his situation now, from the day on which he first set foot in the city of New Orleans. Then he was poor, friendless, with scarce a place to rest his head; now he was wealthy, surrounded by friends, and blessed with a father's, mother's, sister's love. He could claim now, what her noble father would not have refused, even to the poor youth, had he asked it—Helen's hand; and even her proud mother would not object receiving for her son-in-law, the heir of the richest merchant in New Orleans.

Mirth and music resounded throughout, and joy, and gladness reigned predominant in the splendid mansion of Mr. Merton. It was the birth-night ball of his lovely and accomplished daughter, Helen, given on her nineteenth birthday, and the magnificent saloons were thronged by the youth, beauty, and elite of the metropolis. All paid willing homage to her fascinating charms. Nor beneath their fervent congratulations did there lurk ought of malice or envy; for the sweet disposition and gentle manners of Helen Merton had won the good will of all who knew her. And now, as she replied to their warm-hearted wishes, she looked more beautiful than ever. She was attired in a plain white dress, looped with roses, and fitting exquisitely to her finely moulded form; her shining chestnut curls were confined by a costly diamond head-band, that sparkled on her forehead, rivaling the transparent beauty and clearness of her complexion. At times when she would mingle in the giddy whirl of the dance, a smile would play upon her lovely features; but when over a melancholy expression would steal into her laughing eyes, telling of something yet wanted to complete her happiness. She was thinking, perhaps, how he who many years ago, had won her maiden love, might, whilst she was surrounded by wealth and luxury, be dragging out the prime of his life in poverty and distress. Yes, she still remembered the companion of her childhood. Such is woman's constancy and love.—Alas that it should so often be abused.

The evening was somewhat advanced when Mr. Merton approached Helen, locked arm in arm with a young man, whose dark countenance, raven hair, and eyes, and tall, straight form, indicated a native of the South.

"Mr. Thompson, of New Orleans, my dear," said Mr. Merton, introducing him to Helen, and then, after conversing for a few moments, sauntering to the opposite side of the saloon.

"Who is that handsome young man you just now introduced to Helen?" asked Mrs. Merton of her husband.

"That is Mr. Thompson, of New Orleans, the richest merchant in that city, and his father was before him. He arrived here but the day before yesterday. I was introduced to him yesterday, and invited him here to-night, and if the impression of his features is not left on Helen's little heart, which has hitherto been so callous, none ever will be."

"And if they are, I suppose you will regret the disappearance of your protegee, Charles Elliston," said his wife, sarcastically.

Mr. Merton did not answer her; he only turned away.

At first, when the stranger was introduced to Helen, there appeared an air of embarrassment, but it gradually wore off, and he entered into conversation with his usual vivacity. In the course of it she asked him if he had ever been in the city before. He replied that he had been when he was about seventeen years of age, and that he had then become acquainted with several of his own age, whose acquaintance he highly prized.—Among those he mentioned, was that of Charles Elliston, in particular. As he pronounced the name, he bent his dark eye full upon her, and perceived that she started, while for a moment, agitation was visibly depicted in her countenance. After a minute's pause he continued, "but I have made inquiries, since my arrival, respecting him, and heard that he has returned the kindness of his benefactor, your father, with ingratitude, by leaving his house, and going no one knew whither."

"Oh, no, sir, do not believe that; it is an idle report. He had reason for leaving my father's house," and her voice trembled and a tear stood in her eye.

Just then a gentleman advanced to claim her hand for the last cotillon, and the conversation was abruptly terminated. Charles resigned her silently; but his heart was full!

It is strange how the lapse of a few years beneath youth and manhood will change the face, and disguise the form; the slight stripling that a little while ago clambered on one knee, we can scarcely recognize in the full, stately form, and staid demeanor of the man. So it was with Charles Thompson, and no wonder Helen and her father could not see, in the rich merchant of the South, the poor lad, who, six years before, had left them with scarce a dollar in his pocket.

It was the morning following the ball; and Mr. and Mrs. Merton and Helen were sitting in the parlor—the former two engaged in discussing some private affairs; the latter with her head resting upon her hand, apparently in deep thought. The servant entered, and handed Mr. Merton a letter. He opened it, and after having perused it for a few moments, uttered an exclamation of joy. Both his companions looked up. Seemingly overcome, with the excitement of some unusually pleas-

ing news he approached his daughter, and gently patting her on the cheek, said,

"Come, come, Helen dear, cheer up; Charles, our own dear Charles, has returned, is in the city, and will be here in half an hour—cheer up my dear!" and he began to pace the floor.

"See here," he continued, as a splendid equipage, with servants in livery, drove up to the door, from which a young gentleman alighted, "there is Mr. Thompson too; how glad I shall be to introduce them to one another."

"I don't see why you should be," said his wife, "though, perhaps, your Charles, as you call him, may be as rich now as Mr. Thompson. You know he left word that he was going to seek his fortune," and she pronounced the last word with a sneer.

"And he hopes he has found it, madam!" exclaimed Charles, who entered just at that moment, "thanks be to an all-wise Providence that directed me to my father's house. It is Charles that stands before you!"

With a shriek of delight, Helen threw herself into his outstretched arms, and wept tears of joy upon his bosom; while the old man stood motionless, but his eyes were wet and his lips quivered, though not with grief.

When they had become somewhat composed, Charles related to them what had occurred since he left them. The joy that beamed in the swimming eyes of the delighted girl, as she hung fondly on her lover's arm, was only equalled by the tenderness with which he returned her look of affection. How deep was the bliss of that moment-making amends by its delight, for the long years of doubt and absence. It was not long before Charles renewed again the boyish vows he had pledged to Helen, and the blushing girl listened smiling and weeping by turns. Need it be added, that in a short time Helen and Charles were united at the altar, and that even the aristocratic mother smiled upon the union of her daughter with the old Charles Elliston.

CONTRACT.—The Boston Transcript exclaims against the ladies being squeezed in corsets. We see the drift of the editor, if any squeezing is to be done or sympathy, or love! A large waist is, generally, the waist never appears lovelier to us than when it is broad and large; a good armful. Your corn-stalk figures are hardly palpable to embrace them is analogous to hugging a knitting needle. When a lady's bosom is compressed with cords and canvas, how can the heart throbb and dilate with generous emotions! How can such a bosom feel friendship or sympathy, or love! A large waist is, generally speaking, a sign of loving and lovable qualities. The rationale of the thing is as plain as sunshine. A small waist is the indication of a small heart, and a small heart will seldom be found to contain those noble and expansive sentiments which constitute the essence of all female loveliness.—Therefore, girls, if you wish to be beloved, do not screw and compress your gentle bosoms. Do not bind the sweet emotions of your hearts in ropes of hempen rigidity. Do not choke up the fountains of feeling and sentiment with bits of hard canvas and staves of stubborn whalebone. No, ladies, do nothing of the kind, and be assured of this, that the fellow who admires a female in a state of excruciating agony, who by his pernicious taste would impose upon her an undecorated penance—such a fellow follows we say, and his good opinion are not worth a thought. Men of good sense like a large waist in a wife, but very little waste in the family. There is no economy in screwing up your persons; but we have often observed that ladies who make a practice of doing so, are nevertheless wasteful and extravagant.—Ledger.

## SPOTS ON THE SUN.

A writer in the Cincinnati Gazette says that on Friday a large spot was observed on the sun. He says: "I had observed it several days with the telescope. On Friday at noon I observed that it was near 9 seconds in crossing the hair of the Transit instrument, (5 seconds and eight-tenths of a second.) Its actual diameter must then be more than 60,000 miles, or 8 times the diameter of the earth. Supposing the sun to be fifteen inches in diameter, as it appears to the naked eye, the spot would be about 1 inch in breadth, a size sufficient to be quite visible to the naked eye by means of smoked glass. There are almost always spots visible by means of a telescope. They consist mostly of a dark centre, surrounded by a penumbra or shading like the representation of a small island surrounded by the usual water shining on a map. The spot so conspicuous on Friday last was of a single body, but a cluster of spots, the shadows on together.—This cluster, by the sun's rotation on its axis, has now nearly disappeared, but will probably occupy the central portion of the sun again on the first of December, changed likely in appearance, being increased, diminished, or possibly obliterated."

## A PROFITABLE CUSTOMER.

"I want to get a few of your papers that have the latest news."

Certainly, sir—how many will you have?

"Oh! three or four I guess will be about enough. I'm going into the country and want to carry the news. They say we are completely up."

Has sir, any more to order?

"Well, I thank you very good bye, sir."

Would that we could pay paper-makers, composers, pressmen and devil, as easy as that!

"Thank you, Mr. devil, for your week's work."

"Ay, and not pay!"

"No, you don't catch this child!"

Pay me must for the services of others—while we must pay, how can others expect us to furnish them papers for nothing! And yet ask such men to pay for their papers, and they think it mean and close-fisted!

Publishing papers and giving them away is a glorious business if only everything followed:

Wet—wet—wet! Every thing is wet. The powder horn is choked by the adhesion of its contents; the sand in the hour glass is still; the beautiful ringlets of the little girls are all wet, and hang as straight as if life to them had no twist—whilst our riper beauties pout and waste their sweetness in a vain effort to produce a curl with heated tongs and gun water. Even the "little pigs" who erst

"Slept with their tails curled up," now enjoy the delights of repose, "while that graceful ornament

"Stuck out a foot."

SCIENCE. Richard Child, Esq., a retired merchant of Boston committed suicide on the 28th ult., by cutting his throat with a razor. He was in affluent circumstances, and no cause can be assigned for his committing the act.

## BOON'S LICK TIMES.

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."—JEFFERSON.

Vol. 1.

FAYETTE, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1840.

No. 41

## Missouri Legislature.

## HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

DECEMBER, 24 1840.

Speech of JOHN L. ANDERSON, Esq., upon the resolutions offered by Mr. Price, on the subject of foreign influence. In committee of the whole.

Mr. Anderson said, young and inexperienced in the ways of Legislation, I had hoped that my official duties would have made it necessary for me to engage in a party discussion during this session of the Legislature—I came here, not for the purpose of engaging into the cause that produced the defeat of Martin Van Buren, or the election of that pure and incorruptible patriot and statesman, William Henry Harrison, to the highest office within the gift of a free and mighty nation. But I was sent by my constituents to legislate, and that too in such a manner as to promote the interest and prosperity of this young State—the State, which, aided by a wise and judicious course of legislation, is destined ere long, to rank among the first States in this Union—I had supposed that after the eventful career was over—after the great political battle of 1840 had been fought—after victory had perched upon the standard of American liberty, that every patriot and philanthropist, would be disposed to pour oil upon the troubled waters, and to calm the agitations of the public mind; but it seems that in this, I have been mistaken. I am gratified, however, that the ordinary course of legislation has not been interrupted by the introduction of politics by the party with whom I have the honor to be associated—the gauntlet has not been thrown by us—but he who was selected for his supposed ability and impartiality to preside over the deliberations of this House—forgetting that the duties of the important station with which he had been honored, if properly discharged, imposed upon him the task of restraining every thing like party feeling, and party animosity had thought it right and proper to throw this fire-brand into our midst—I had hoped when I heard him the other day assert in this House, that the American people had been brought with British Gold, and imported upon the British influence that it was nothing more than the effervescence of momentary excitement, but it seems that he has after calm and deliberate reflection reduced it to writing, and now asks this House to endorse it—for me, I am not prepared to say that the descendants of the patriots and sages of the revolutionary war have so far degenerated in a age, as to be bought like sheep in the markets with British Gold—it is a foul aspersion upon the patriotism, virtue, and incorruptible integrity of the American people—and nothing but the phrenzy of a reckless and defeated party could have invented a charge so disgraceful, so utterly false and unfounded.

I will now proceed to the consideration of the subject matter of these resolutions. Sir, in the first place, I beg leave to advert to the letters upon which they are founded. It seems that the President appointed by the Governor, to examine the affairs of the Bank, reported to the City of St. Louis some weeks before the session of the Legislature to discharge the duty assigned them—they made a thorough investigation of its condition—had frequent intercourse with the President and Directors of the Bank, and yet they received no intimation from any of them, that these letters were of an invidious character.—One is at a loss to understand upon the subject. If they contain internal evidence of a design upon the part of British capitalists to interfere in the internal policy of this nation, why was not that fact communicated to the committee? Is it to be supposed, sir, if such had been the opinion of the President and Directors of that institution, that they could have suppressed their indignation? Was it not their duty to inform that committee, in order to secure their co-operation in repelling this insidious attack upon the institutions of the country? Why were not their designs exposed immediately upon their reception? If these letters contain what is imputed to them, the President and Directors of the Bank must be either knaves or fools. It is impossible to believe, if they are true to the interests of the country, and prompted by those high and exalting qualities which should characterize every public officer, that they could have believed these letters so fraught with mischief, and permitted them to lie thus long unnoticed. If they contain what is affirmed in these resolutions, and the President and Directors who read them, and had every opportunity of ferreting out their meaning, could detect no such design, then they have the little sagacity and forecast to be continued at the head of our fiscal concerns. If the President discovered that they were replete with danger, why have we not his indignant answer? I should like to see with what spirit of scorn and manly firmness he rebuked the men that sought through him to operate upon, and corrupt the freedom of this country. (Where are his answers?) It required a longer eye than his to detect such designs as are charged in these resolutions. Neither he nor the Directors ever dreamed of such a thing. Nothing was ever heard of them until after one of the members of the committee met a distinguished individual, the far famed Thos. H. Benton, at a political meeting at Palmira. It was he who suggested to him the ball in motion. Writing under the indication of that signal defeat which awaited him, and the party whose measures had so long exerted a baneful influence upon all the interests of this once happy land, he sought a refuge from the storm which was threatening around him, and thought he saw it here. But how did these letters get to this city? How did they leave the files of the Bank? What induced the President to bring an isolated part of his correspondence with those Bankers? And how has it happened that he brought but the identical letters here referred to? Was all this accident? Was it not rather the result of previous arrangement, and an effort like many others of that Senator to humbug and gull the people? I repeat it, sir, and I say it boldly, that if these resolutions are true, the President and Directors of the Bank are either knaves or fools. They either did not discover that Frederick Huth & Co., were disposed to operate upon our citizens, and pollute our institutions or they are unworthy of their trust. But they made no such discovery, nor can this Legislature if unbiased by party feeling and party prejudice. Besides, sir, admitting these resolutions to be true, there is no need of Legislative action in regard to them. The bonds referred to were placed by law under the control of the Bank—it had full authority to recall them at its pleasure, and why, if these letters are of the dangerous character, which gentlemen suppose, did not the President recall them long ago. It was his duty as a lover of his country, he owed it to the freedom of Missouri, he owed it to the whole American people, to recall them without delay, and spread far and wide a knowledge of the fact, that Foreigners were attempting in a treacherous and covert manner to corrupt and ruin our institutions. But he did no such thing. No one here knows one word of what the President said in answer to these letters—but that he had full authority, as agent of the Bank to recall the bonds, without Legislative action upon the subject will not be questioned.

I proceed, sir, to examine the letters to see if I can discover any such evidences as they are said to contain, and let me first advert to that of February 26th, and enquire why it is that no reference is made to it in these resolutions. In it those capitalists say "The various loans contracted on account of the United States Bank, had tended materially to increase the confidence in American stocks, and we were in hopes the time was not distant when we should be warranted in making

you advances on your bonds, but the late intelligence of the delay in the payment of the dividends on the Pennsylvania State stock, and the report presented to Congress on the financial embarrassments of some of the Southern States, has checked all improvements; and through these accounts may, and, we trust, will be partly neutralized by the next, they cannot but have a very unfavorable impression behind." Why, I ask was not this letter referred to, why have gentlemen so cautiously passed it by in silence? Because, sir, in it is to be found a reason, and one of the most important reasons, why the credit of the State was so materially impaired in the British market. What is the reason here assigned, that there has been a depreciation in the value of State stocks? The report presented to Congress on the financial embarrassments of some of the Southern States, has checked all improvements." Here is the reason, and by whom was that report presented. Col. Benton introduced into the Senate certain resolutions repudiating the idea of an assumption of State debts by the General Government, and endeavored to create the impression that such resolutions would be made by the States to effect that object. Had any such application been made or was there the slightest probability that any State in this Union was so strengthened in its fiscal operations, as to require such an appeal? That such application would be made, is absurd in its character, and an idea which no statesman ever entertained. Benton introduced, and Mr. Grundy reported those resolutions, and to them, in a great degree may be traced the cause that American stocks were so cheap in London. If it is necessary that those bonds should be recalled—if our credit abroad has been injured, it has been by the destroying hand which introduced those resolutions into the Senate—introduced those resolutions, and without any application of proof that the exigencies of any State required such a measure. The States were fully able to sustain their credit without such request, and Benton knew it. It was an artifice, a snare into which he hoped to lead the Whigs. It was not politic that this letter should be known, and hence the indirect attempt to consign it to oblivion. I will proceed to examine the letter of June 3d, to see if there be any thing in it, to authorize these resolutions. The part which is deemed so very exceptionable in these words "The attention of our capitalists and others engaged in American affairs, is now turned to your next Presidential election, held out by the last accounts, more than any other to produce general confidence." What prospects are here referred to? By what spirit of devotion do gentlemen know whether these capitalists had reference to the prospects of Gen. Harrison, or to those of Mr. Van Buren. The writers here drop no intimation upon the subject. Their inference has its origin in conscious guilt—they were aware of something wrong among themselves—they knew that they were about to do to party whose necessities had destroyed our credit, deranged our currency. If gentlemen arrived at their conclusions as compiled in these resolutions from this letter of the 3d of June, they were guided to those conclusions by no other light than that reflected from their past misdeeds; but if their inference is drawn from the letter of the 11th September—if that letter contains in respect to the State, there was no longer any inducement to convert, as the British capitalists had given it as their opinion that a change in the Executive would improve the value of State bonds, and increase the worth of American securities. But can the least eye detect reasonable designs in these letters—do they give evidence of what has been so roundly asserted upon this floor, that the late triumph was effected by British Gold? Are gentlemen serious in the charge, that the American people have been bribed? If so, sir, they cannot pride themselves upon their late association, for by reference to the vote of 1836, compared with that of 1840, it will be seen that not less 60 or 70,000 have been bought from the Democratic ranks. In 1836 Van Buren's majority was about 40,000, now Gen. Harrison has a majority, ranging between 120,000 and 130,000. But do these letters furnish proof of any such bribery? Is there any thing more in them than evidence of what has been predicted by the Whig party for the last twelve years? During all that time, those who were in power, were admonished to beware—they were told that the measures they espoused would lead to bankruptcy at measure, and prostrate our credit abroad, but they still kept the error of their way regardless of all expostulation, and shall it be said because enlightened merchants stated a fact so long predicted, and so well established, that therefore, they were influenced by treacherous purposes? And because these merchants with whom this Bank is endeavoring to contract for large sums of money, take occasion to remark that their attention is now turned to your internal politics, and that they are informed that they are aiming to bribe the freedom of this country? Well might they look with a jealous eye, sir, to the politics of that party which was warring against all State credit. Well might they hesitate before they would make large investments of their money in the bonds of a State whose faith was not pledged for their redemption. Well might the journals of the last session of the Legislature of Missouri, and you will see there a resolution voted down, which proposed to pledge irreversibly the faith of the State for the redemption of those bonds. That proposition was introduced by Mr. Geyer, and by an examination of the vote you will find every Democratic member opposed to it.—Yes, sir, these very gentlemen who affect to be so much alarmed at the late resolutions, and who are so anxious that their attention be turned to internal politics are the very men who involved this institution.

I will pass to the last letter in the series. (Mr. A. read it.) And now sir, what is unreasonable in this? Men who are trading in foreign countries have respect to those causes which operate necessarily upon the currency, and are influenced in their investments by those causes. And on this account, forthwith, are chargeable with treacherous designs. Truly gentlemen must be hard run for political capital who have been forced to look for it here. They must be endowed with more than ordinary ingenuity to be able to detect any such designs. Is it correct in this matter different from what it might be expected to be under any administration. Are not the motives which operated upon them precisely such as influence every man in all the spheres of business? And because they watch their interests and throw around them such safeguards as common sagacity and common prudence would suggest, shall we be told that they are endeavoring to bribe our citizens? Sir, that word bribery hurts my feelings. I have too much confidence in the virtue, the intelligence and patriotism of the American people to believe it—said in behalf of our constituents I hurl back the charge, and pronounce it a foul aspersion upon their character. I know not by what feelings other gentlemen may be guided, but for one sir, I cannot endorse these resolutions, nor can I yet believe that this Legislature will by its vote, record such a calumny upon their country. Those capitalists tell us that all transactions in American stocks are purely and entirely owing to the derangement of our currency. And is this not a fact—a fact deeply to be deplored, and by whom was this derangement in the currency brought about? I look back with pleasure to the period in the history of this government when its currency was unsurpassed—was unequalled by any in the world. I mean the period when the United States Bank was fostered, and the currency enjoyed the confidence of every commercial nation on the globe. And I look forward with pleasing anticipation to the day which I hope is not far distant, when experiments on the currency will be at an end. The United States Bank has been prostrated, and we were told by those who were engaged in this suicidal act, that when the monster was suppressed we would be favored with a better currency. What said Gen. Jackson in his message to Congress in relation to the facilities which would be furnished by the State Banks? Have his anticipations been realized, or are not his warmest patriots constrained to admit that since the United States Bank went down, commerce has been crippled, confidence shaken at home and abroad, and the country cursed with a more derangement of its circulating medium? And shall not British Bank-